### SOME NEW BOOKS.

How Trollope Became a Novelter

Since Miss Martineau told the story of her own hardworking life no book has been given the world so replete with interest and wise advice to the toffers with the nen as the Salesmaphy of Anthony Trollope, reprinted by the Harpers. This book is not put forth as an a baustive parrative of the author's life, but only as an account of his literary career, inengling, of course, those incidents and influvs which served to prepare him for his work. ... which conded to theart or further it after it to extend their credit to me. Boots, waista burly began. Aside from the information a practical and professional kind, and the inable helpful suggestions that it contains, the autobiography will leave two convicone deeply impressed upon the mind of every thoughtful reader. In view of this man's experience and honorable achievements it is apossible to doubt that literary inbor may and should, in the great majority of instances. as perfectly systematized as any other form of industry or business. While this leason, moreover, is inculcated unobtrusively vet conclusively by the patient and unremitting efforts of the writer in a vocation on which there still rosts, in the esteem of the com munity, a trace of the old stigma of Bohemian mprovidence, irregularity, and license, we find ourselves at the same time conceiving a warm regard and sincere admiration for Trollope's character as a man. His childhood, youth, and early manhood were darkened and embittered by griefs, hardships, and degradations far more severs and poignant than those which left Thackeray permanently soured; yet in Trollope the milk of human kindness was never turned to gall. The recollection of his own miseries and humiliations, too keen and rude to be forgotten seem to have softened instead of bardening his heart, made him sympathetic ratherthan vindictive, and whon, after he had passed the meridian of his days, the clouds at astrolled away, the essential sunniness of his blithe and kindly nature was seen to be unnext to the sons of big tradesmen. dimmed. We have always known that Anthony who had made their ten thousand a Trollope was, aside from the high average quality of his literary compositions, a man deserving of profound respect for although he was the most productive writer of his own, or perhaps of any generation, he has left behind him not a line or a word whose dishonest or inchaste suggestion he might wish to blot; but we now learn for the first time from this autobiography, not through any intentional disclosures but from the plain record of facts that tell their own story, how dear he must have been to those who depended on him or drew near to him-how worthy he was of implicit confidence and fervent affection. He was a good man-sound, upright, and amiable in his life and in his work; and if we cannot call him a great man also in the sense that Thackeray and George Eliot were great, we believe that many of his graphic accuracy must long assure to them a pensable materials for the social history of the Eugland of the nineteenth century.

Precisely what Mr. Trollope meant to give us own words, "In writing these pages," he says, at the outset of his first chapter. "it will not be so much my intention to speak of the little details of my private life as of what I, and perhaps others round me, have done in litera- | had been kept in estrangement." ture, of my failures and successes, such as they have been, and their causes, and of the opening which a literary career offers to men and women for the earning of their bread." Toward the close of the last chapter we have an even more explicit definition of his purpose; in the course of which, however, he does tell us something by implication about those personal experiences which are passed over in the book. will not. I trust," he writes in the last words of a record which was not to be perused till the writer was in the grave, supposed by any reader that I have intended in this so-called autobiography to give a transcript of my inner life. No man ever did and no man ever will. Rousseau probably attempted it, but who doubts but that lousseau has confessed in much the thoughts and convictions rather than the facts of his If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood, if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the a card table of what Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved, rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money and I have lost none To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill effects-to have the weet, and leave the bitter untasted-that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this simpossible. It seems to me that, hitherto, I have succeeded fairly well. I will not say that I have never scorched a finger-but I carry no ugly wounds." With reference to the pleasures that were left to him in the evening of his days. to declares, with the modesty that in him is so charming, because it is so unmistakably gensine, "that I can read and be happy while I am reading is a great blessing. Could I renember, as some men do, what I read, I should have been able to call myself an educated man. But that power I have never possessed. Something is always left, something dim and inac curate, but still something sufficient to pre-

serve the taste for more." ich was the narrow range of the disclosures which Mr. Trollope believed that it would be possible for him to make truthfully and usefully and we cannot see that he has ever been led to wander from his indicious nurnose by what he calls in his unaffected humility the garulity of old ago. In the first place, Mr. Prollope was not an aged man, in any proper meaning of the word, when this autobiography was penned-for he was but sixty-five-and certainly there is no trace of vagrant and irseevant discourse in these well ordered and coherent pages.

Outside of his natural aptitudes, which will reveal themselves in the quality of his performances, his acquirements, experiences, and opportunities may be said to constitute the capital of a man of letters, and Mr. Trollopo accordingly gives a good deal of space to an account of his own equipment for a literary vocaservation of English and Irish life, which, as his count, but he owed comparatively little to education. His youth was passed in poverty and misery, which even in the well-carned prosperity of later years he could never recall with-His lather, who had been a Wykamist, and Fellow of New College, Oxford, was a Chancery barrister and at the time of Anthony's birth (1815) was able to afcountry house as well as a house in London. But, owing mainly to a bad temper his clients deserted him, and the investments and epseculations to which he then reorted for an income all went wrong, so that at the period when young Trollope first began to holice what went on around him his family had taken refuge in a ruined farmhouse, where shifts of hopeless indigence. The farmhouse it seems was situated within the timesfore, eligible to the charitable provision which the boys of the parish were admitted as day bounders to Harrow school. Day boarders were never at that time received among the aristocratic er swit but Mr. Trollope doubts whether all of them were subjected to the ignominy which be endured. "I was never spared." he says, and was not even allowed to run to and a standing movable deak, at which I presume etween our house and the school without a daily purgatory. No doubt my appearance was against me. I remember well when I was still inner buy in the school. Dr. Butler, the head master, stopping me in the street and I ince and shirt front. Then it was a sight to | Balatka "would have been rejected had it been

brow and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow school was disgraced by so disreputably a dirty little boy as I? Oh, what I felt at that moment! But I could not look my feelings. I do not doubt that I was dirty but I think that he was cruel." At that moment in came the Colonel's private sectwelve Trollope was transferred to Winchester in the hope, which proved delusive that he might obtain a scholarship at New College, Oxford. Here "another and a different horror fell to my fate, my college bills were not paid and the school tradesmen, who administered to the wants of the boys, were told not coats, and pocket handkerchiefs, which, with some slight superveillance, were at the com mand of other scholars, were closed luxuries to me. My school fellows, of course, knew that it was so, and I became a parish. It is the nature of boys to be cruel. I have sometimes doubted whether among each other they do usually suffer much, one from the other's cruelty; but I suffered herribly! I could make no stand against it. I had no friend to whom I could pour out my sorrows. I was big, and awkward and ugly and I have no doubt skulked about st unattractive manner. Of course. was ill dresped and dirty. But ah! how well I remember all the agonies of my young beart: how I considered whether I should always be alone: whether I could not find my way up to the top of that college tower, and from thence put an end to everything!" At the age of 15 young Trollepe's chance of New College was supposed to have passed away, and he was taken back to Harrow, where he passed three years more, the first eighteen months of which seemed to him, looking back on it, the worst period of his life. He had now come to an agat which he could acutely feel the misery of expulsion from all social intercourse. He not only had no friends, but was despised by all his companions, "I was a sizar," he writes, "at a fashionable school, a condition never premeditated. What right had a wretched farmer's boy reaking from a dung hill to sit next to the sons of peers - or much worse still. year? The indignities I endured are not to be described; as I look back it seems to me that all hands were turned against me, masters as well as have. The only expense except that of books, to which a house boarder was then subject was the fee to a tutor amounting, I think, to ten guineas. took me without the fee, but when I heard him declare the fact in the pupil room before the boys I hardly felt grateful for the charity. was never a coward, and cared for a thrashing as little as any boy, but one cannot make stand against the acerbities of three hundred tyrants without a moral courage, of which at that time I possessed none I know that I skulked and was odious to the eyes o those I admired and envied. I was allowed to join in no plays. Of the cricket ground or racket court I was permitted to know noth novels will long survive him, since their photo- | ing. And yet I longed for these things with an exceeding longing. I coveted popularity with high if not unrivalled place among the indis- a covetousness that was almost mean. It seemed to me that there would be an elysium in the intimacy of those very boys whom I was bound to hate because they bated me. Something of the disgrace of my school days has clung to me all through life. Not that I have ever shunned to speak of them as openly as 1 in this volume may be best explained in his am writing now, but that when I have been claimed as schoolfellow by some of those many hundreds who were with me, either at Harrow or at Winchester, I have felt that I had no right to talk of things from most of which I

Trollope's elder brother, Adolphus, went to Oxford and Henry to Cambridge, both having managed to obtain from scholarships the funds which could not have been provided for them at home. But neither scholarship, nor exhibition, nor even sizarship could Anthony get, and therefore the idea of a university career had to be given up. All the instruction that he ever had he got at Winchester and Harrow, which latter school he left at nineteen, having first gone there at seven. "During the whole of these twelve years no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages. It was chiefly by their ferules that I knew my masters and they me; I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive. It was just possible to obtain five scourgings in one day at Winchester, and I have often boasted that I obtained them all. I do not remember any lessons even in writing or arithmetic. French and German I certainly elements of an earthly paradise; if now and | was not taught. Yet when I think how little I tuition, in which I do not remember that I ever knew a lesson. I am now a fair Latin scholar: that is to say, I read and enjoy the Latin classics and could probably make myself understood in Latin prose. But the knowledge which I have I have acquired since I left school, no doubt aided much by that groundwork of the language which would in the process of years make its way slowly even through the skin."

# 11.

Thus far there had been little promise in Trollope's life and the part seven years were carcely more auspicious. In 1834 he obtained a clerkship in the London Post Office through a friend of his mother's, who, two years earlier, had published her book on the domestic manners of the Americans, which had given her a certain reputation, and enabled her to relieve the more pressing wants of the family. This elerkship was very far from being a brilliant situation, the salary being \$450 a year, on which the recipient was to live in London, keep up his character as a gentleman, and be happy. That I." he says, "should have thought this possible at the age of nineteen, and should have been delighted at being able to make the attempt, does not surprise me now; but that others should have thought it possible, friends who knew something of the world, does astonish me. During the whole of his seven years in the General Post Office Trollope was hopelessly in debt, and was often unable to get his dinner. He fell into the hands of a money ender, and for one debt of a hundred dollars, which graw monstrously under repeated renewals, he had ultimately to pay over a thousand dollars. "I cannot think now," he tells "how I could have lived and sometimes have enjoyed life with such a burden of duns as I endured. Sheriff's officers with uncanny documents, of which I never understood anytion. He was to have rare facilities for the ob- thing, were common attendants on me. And yet I do not remember that I was ever locked readers know, were turned to admirable ac- | up, though I think I was twice a prisoner. In such omergencies some one paid for me. Trollope was always, too, in hot water in the Post Office, and continually on the eve of being dismissed. He had very soon achieved a character for irregularity, and come to be regarded as a black sheep. "On one oc- ninoteen novels, receiving from \$12,500 to \$16,-casion, in the performance of my duty. | 000 for each of the three-volume size which I had to put a private letter containing bank notes on the Secretary's table, which letter I had duly opened as it was not marked private The letter was seen by the Secretary, Col. Maberly, but had not been moved by him when he left the room. On his return it was gone. In the mean time I had returned to the room again in the performance of some duty. When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there it sarangeled with the sorded privations and I found the Colonel much moved about his letter, and a certain chief clerk who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the parish of Harrow, and young Trollope was, probable fate of the money. 'The letter has been taken, said the Colonel turning to me augrily, and by G-there has been nobody in the room but you and I.' As he spoke he thundered his fist down upon the table. Then, said I, by G- you have taken it. and I also thundered my flat down but accidentally not upon the table. There was there

.t was the Colonel's habit to write, and on this

list unfortunately came down on the desk, and

the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's

asking me, with all the clouds of Jove upon his | see that senior clerk as he seized a quire of blotting paper and rushed madly to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink and a sight also to see the Colonel in his agony hit right out through the blotting paper at that senior clark's unoffending stomach. At retary with the letter and the money, and I was desired to go back to my own room." Among other little incidents which, as the author pathetically remarks, were against him in the office, may be mentioned the following, which, with other of his Post Office experiences, was afterward to figure in "The Small House at Allington." A young woman down in the country had taken it into her head that she would like to marry Trollope, who protests. however, that "the invitation had come from her, and I had lacked the pluck to give it a decided negative: I had left the house within half an hour, going away without my dinner, and had never returned to it. Then there was a correspondence-if that can be called a correspondence in which all the letters came from one side. At last the mother appeared at the Post Office. My almost stands on my head now, as I remember the figure of the woman walking into the big room in which I sat with six or seven other clerks, having a large basket on her arm and an immense bonnet on her head. The messenger had vainly endeavored to persuade her to remain in the ante-room. She followed the man in, and, walking up the centre of the room, addressed me in a loud voice marry my daughter?' We have all had our

Anthony Trollope, when are you going to worst moments, and that was one of my worst." It was not till 1841, when Trollops was 26 years old, that his circumstances took a favorable turn, through his appointment to a berth which nobody else would take. namely, the position of surveyor's clerk in Ireland. There was much hard work and a great deal of travelling, but his income, after paying his expenses, became \$2,000. This was so much more money than he had ever possessed before, that Trollope thought himself rich enough to marry, and some years after his marriage, which took place in 1844, he was promoted to be a surveyor, first in Ireland and then in England. with a salary of \$1,000. It is no doubt to the minute knowledge of Ireland and a large part of England, which he acquired in the prosecu tion of his official duties, that we are indebted for the extraordinary topographical as well as social accuracy of the pictures presented in his novels. We need say no more of his official life, except to remark that it terminated by resignation in 1867, when, notwithstanding the great services which he was acknowledged to have rendered, Mr. Scudamore was appointed, instead of himself, to the office of Under Secretary.

Mr. Trollope's first literary venture was "The Maedermotts of Ballycloran," which was published in 1847 on the half profits plan, through the efforts of his mother, whose own success. which had been indefatigably followed up. had naturally given her a good deal of influence with publishers. A year later he brought out another tale of Irish life. "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," On this occasion it was his mother's own publisher. Mr. Colburn, who bore the cost of printing. It does not appear that this or the preceding volume was read, or so much as heard of. It is certain that Mr. Colburn los more than \$300 by his speculation. Nevertheless two years later the same publisher, still influ enced no doubt by Trollope's mother, agreed to give him \$100 down for his historical nove called "La Vendée," but this also fell stillborn from the press. In the same year Trollope wrote a comedy called "The Noble Jilt," the plot of which was afterward used in a novel called 'Can You Forgive her?" This play was offered to an old friend, who was the stage manager of a London theatre, but it was refused after be ing subjected to criticism which made the autor's ears tingle. In the course of the same twelvementh Trollope labored very hard for many weeks on a hand book for Ireland the manuscript of part of which was sent to Murray the London publisher and nine months afterward was returned unopened. There was, indeed, no kind of literary work which was not essayed by Trollope, but for a long time all his efforts were fruitless, so far as pecuniary returns were concerned. He wrote two articles for the "Dublin University Magazine which were printed, but not paid for. He also communicated a series of letters to the London Examiner on Irish poorhouses, but he received no check in return. In 1853 he resumed novel again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a knew of Latin or Greek on leaving Harrow at writing and began "The Warden," which, however, was not published until 1855. Up to the to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. waste of time. There were twelve years of end of 1857 he had received exactly \$275 for the hard work of ten years.

Trollope was 42 years old when he obtained with "Barchester Towers" his first foreglesin of success. For this novel he received in advance \$500 out of the half profits, and up to the time when this autobiography was penned (1879), it had brought him in about \$2 500. His next story, "The Three Clerks," which, Mr. Trollope thinks, was by all odds the best novel he had yet written, he had little difficulty in selling to Mr. Bentley for a lamp sum of \$1,250. It was not however until 1858 that Trollope acquired a high and solid reputation with " Dr. Thorne " the plot of which, he tells us, was sketched for him by his brother T. Adelphus Trolloge, this be ing the only occasion on which he is con scious of having had recourse to an other source than his own brains for the thread of a story. He nalvely acknowledges, however that it might have been better for his readers had be done so, inasmuch as " Dr. Thorne" has had a larger sale than any other of his books All that Trollope ever got from it, however, was \$2,000, the sum for which he sold the copyright to Chapman & Hall. For "The Bertrams." which was a failure, he received as much Henceforth, however, he got better prices for his work. "Castle Richmond," for instance, which was printed in 1869, the year after." The Bertrams," was sold for \$3,000, and for the copyright of "Framley Parsonage," which out in the Cornfell Magazine, Smith & Elder paid him \$5,000. With the following novel. "Orley Farm," which appeared in 1862 he touched, in the judgment of most of his readers, the highwater mark of his per formances. It brought him in \$15,675. His next book, "Rachel Bay," written for "Good Words," and rejected by the editor, Dr. Norman Macleud because there was some dancing in one of the chapters, has never been very popular, and perhaps the sum received for it-\$8,225 was quite as much as it was worth. On the other hand, "The Small House at Allington and "Can You Forgive Her?" both of which were published in 1864, were extramely successful, and for the two the author was paid more than \$32,000. During the next twelve years that is to say, up to the publication of "The Prime Minister." in 1876—the author wrote was brought out in his own name. For two stories, published anonymously in "Black-wood," "Nina Balatka" and "Linda Tressel," he obtained only \$2,250 apiece, although the publisher would have given twice as much had they appeared under the writer's name. Mr. Trollope published these stories anonymously in order to test the value of literary criticism, and it is certain that these novels made so little impression that the author was convinced that he would have required ten years more of unflagging labor to build up under a pseudonym a second reputation. Trollope does not refer to this experiment because upon the whole he quarrels with the public judgment in affairs of literature, but because his own experience and reflections have forced upon him the conviction that very much consideration is due to the bitter feelings of disappointed authors. It is at all events noteworthy that, although such a tale was written for him. Mr. Blackwood declined to publish a third novel by Trollope unless the author's name could be announced, and we are perhaps

therefore justified in inferring that

forwarded through a third person as the work of a nameless novice in literature.

IV.

If we recken from the date of the publication of "The Macdermotts," Mr. Trollope's literary labors covered a period of some thirty-five years, during only twenty-five of which, however, had they been in the least remunerative. During this period he produced nearly forey long novels, besides four volumes of short tales. books of travel in the West Indies, in North America, in Australia and New Zealand, and in South Africa, besides writing a great deal for newspapers (especially the Pall Mail Gazette) and for magazines (including the "St. Paul's," which he edited! For the whole of his literary work he received about \$350,000, a result which he characterizes as comfortable, but not splendid. Unquestionably the total of his earnings is modest when we bear in mind that Walter Scott, at a time when the number of English novel readers was far more limited. gained by his pen about a million and a quarter of dollars. As regards quantity, Mr. Trollope thinks he is justified in averring that his literary performances are more in amount than the works of any contemporary English author. He notes, with a satisfaction for which men who are themselves hard workers will not blame him, that he has published much more than twice as much as Carlyle, and considerably more than Voitaire, including the latter's letters. It is not, of course, to be supposed that, in making his humble boast as to quan tity. Anthony Trollope would lay claim to any lofty measure of literary excellence. "That to the writing of books, quantity without quality is a vice and a misfortune has been too manifestiv settled to leave a doubt on such a He protests, indeed, that he has matter." hever slighted the task he undertook to do, but has honestly sought to out forth the best, that was in him. Not on that account does he venture to rank himself among those who may reasonably count upon auduring fame. not." he says. " think it probable that my name will remain among those who, in the next century, will be known as the writers of English prose fiction. But I do lay claim," he elsowhere says, "to whatever merit should be accorded to me for persevering diligence in my profession. And I make the claim, not with a view to my own glory, but for the benefit of those who may read these pages, and, when young may intend to follow the same career. Nulla dies sine lined. Let that be their motto. And let their work be to them as is his common work to the common laborer. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I believe in cobbler's wax more than in inspiration,"

### The Story of the Jeannette.

From the private journals and the let ters of her husband, from her own recollection and memoranda, and from the testimony given by her husband's shipmates. Mrs. EMMA DE Long has compiled and issued in two hand some volumes (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the history of The Voyage of the Jeannette. It need hardly be said that the parrative is one of in tense interest and pathos. What first attracts the reader's notice is the brave self-control with which the wife of the ill-fated navigator tells the preliminary story of his aims, his acts. and his hopes, leaving the diaries to recount his disappointments, sufferings, and death. In the cheery opening pages there is no forecast of the sad ending; nor anywhere, indeed, is the melancholy closing scene in Siberia allowed to cast its shadow over the preceding record. The work "is essentially a tribute to human worth. says the author, and that guarded utterance reveals more affectionate pride than pages of personal lamentation. Next to the absence of repining one observes the author's abstinence from vindictive criticism. No petty quarrels are revived, and no personal causes posthumously championed, in the account given of the vessel and her officers and crew. Even Mr. Collins is quietly described as "a gentleman who at once commended himself to Capt De Long by his intelligent zeal," and it is added that "from that time Capt. De Long and Mr. Coilins worked together indefatigably to secure the scientific objects of the expedition The January then on the 8th of July 1879

steamed out of the barbor of San Francisco

amid the roar of cannon saluting, the cheers

of multitudes on the shore, and the dipping of colors on every craft she passed. In De Long's letters to his wife while rupping to Alaska we find descriptions of the vessel and the people in her: 'The ship is I think, all right; she is slow now, because she is so deep in the water. As we are growing lighter every hour we burn coal, I am in hopes, in a day or two of trouble. Our cabin is very comfortable and very dry. The forecastle has been as dry as a bone." Lieut Chipp "has always something to do, and is always doing it in that quiet, steady, and sure manner of his. He smiles rarely and says very little, but I know where he is, and how reliable and true he is in every respect. He is putting everything in order. quietly and steadily, and he has everything already reduced to a system. Danenhower is the same as ever, does his work well, and navigates correctly. Molville is as bright as a dollar and as cheerful as possible all the time. We broke a pump red two days ago. Some engineers would have wanted to stop the ship a few days for this, or perhaps turn back. Not he; he says: All right; we will run without a pump rod, bey, brother? and when we get in I will make you a naw numb rod, or fifty of them.' selleve he could make an engine out of a few barrel hoops, if he tried hard. He is one of the strong points in this expedition. He and Dr. Ambler are much alike in some respects. The Doctor is all I would have him, bright and theerful under all circumstances. During our bad weather he was around all the time, cheer ing up Collins and Newcomb, holding up the Chinese cook when necessary, and facing the music like a man. He and Melville have christened Newcomb 'Ninkum.' and occasion ally I hear one of them sing out on seeing an albatross: 'Here, Ninky, quick, come and catch a goose.' Poor Coilins was so sick that he could easily have lost his mother and not have known it. His puns died out for a few days but he is getting back to them again. Newcomb in his turn deserves mention. He will. I think, come out all right. He has grit, and goes to work like a little man. He knows all about his business, every bit. Mr. Dunbar is as grave and serious as ever. The watches are stood by Mr. Dunbar, Cole, and Nindemann. This last is as hard working as a horse The second day out a hatchway fell on his little finger and nearly cut it off, but he did not seem to mind it. The doctor sewed it up and he went ahead as if nothing had happened. With God's help we shall certainly do some thing however small." Under date of July 20 is this record in the journal: "Informed the erew of Mr. Bennett's intention to follow us with a ship next year, and that he would provide for all widows if anything should happen to any of us. This seemed to have a good offeet upon the spirits of all hands."

On the 3d of August the Jeannette reached Ounainska, whose hills "looked as green as Brick Church." Here the great pest was mosquitoes. "For the last two nights I have hardly had an hour's rest. Last night I went to bed at 10 o'clock, and I assure you I lay awake until half past 4 this morning, killing mos quitoes by the dozen. I am one mass of bites. My bulkhead and ceiling is one mass of smashed bodies." Soon De Long finds Mel ville "more and more a treasure every day being a man who "brightens everybody by hi presence alone." Of himself he has a word to say: "I am doing all I can to make myself trusted and respected, and I think I sucree I try to be gentle and firm in correcting any thing I see wrong, and always calm and self possessed. I hope God will aid me in what I have undertaken, and bring me through it in safety and with credit."

The 25th of August found the Jeannette at St. Lawrence Bay, Siberta, where, after ascer taining Nordenskiold's safety, she passed through liehring's Straits, and proceeded to ward Herald Island. About 25 miles east of that island, on the 5th day of September, she

was beset in the pack ice, and never was re- before discontinued. The dismat daily exist- ovaki Island, and the same night were sepaleased. Atfirst, her position was accepted with some philosophy, though throughout September little occurred to break the monotony. Some walruses and bears were shot, and the meat of the latter varied the diet of canned provisions. Later, ducks were shot and seals were added to the larder. During October the Jeannetta was for the most part fast in the ice not far from Wrangel Land. Savaral disampointments now occurred. Edison's generator failed to furnish the electric light that had been hoped for, and the boller of the Baxter engine gave no appreciable heat when blubber was used as fuel. A funny dream of Dr. Ambler's belongs to this spoch. Sir John Franklin paid a visit to the ship's cabin, and after examining its outfit, remarked: "Your electric machine is keel had been very great. Moving about was not worth a d-n, and your anemometer is then no longer awkward, and plates and cups

just the same." The telophone he seemed to consider a good thing. During November the monotony of life in the ice changed to anxiety, as from time to time for weeks in succession the ship was trembling and groaning under the grinding, crushing cracking and jamming of the ice. Whenever the floe "humped," and piled up its bergs in front, "the ship shook like a reed." Alreade on Nov. 14 we find this record: "I sincerely pray that we are not going to have the experience of the Tegethof in her long and perflous drift in the pack. This steady strain on one's mind is fearful. Seemingly we are not secure for a moment, and yet we can take no measures for our security. Living over a powder mill waiting for an explosion would be a and brevity of the entries in subsequent months similar mode of existence." A few days later De Long records that such a life as they are leading "is sufficient to make a man prematurely old." Page after page is given to the description of this exhausting life amid the shrieking and crashing ice.

Dead of winter brought weather clear and very cold, with wonderful auroral displays. On Christmas Eve De Long served out three quarts of whiskey among the men, for a little extra jollity, and the officers also drank "a merry Christmas to absent ones." But of Christmas De Long declares that it "is the dreariest day I have ever experienced." ever, at dinner time, "fore and aft we had such grand banquet that we were for a time lifted out of and beyond the contemplation of our surroundings." The crow treated the officers to music and songs in the deck house. The New Year, also, brought its celebration. The men had a gallon of brandy, and Melville brewed a savory compound aft, for welcoming in 1880; and there was a rapid ringing of the ship's bell and cheers for the Jeannette, to aid the Illusion of a happy New Year. A minetrel entertainment by the crew closed the day.

The surgeon, on the 5th of January, reported Master Danenhower in danger of losing the sight of his left eye. "I am much distressed by the news," writes De Long, "for Danenhower is highly prized by all of us, and by his efforts has kept us many an hour from moning." On the 17th of the month one mercurial thermometer froze, but another kept on in its abors, and gave a reading of 44% Fahrenheit. The lowest temperature that winter was 56"; and we may here anticipate the record by noting that the lowest temperature in the following winter was 50°, and the highest temperature in the intervening summer 46°. On the 19th of January, a day of horrible anxiety and trouble ended in proparations to leave the ship; but her time had not yet come. "There is not much rest for Chipp, Melville, or myself; and among the men. Nindemann, Cole, and Sweetman seem to be as unwilling to take rest as ourselves. Nindemann seems to know no such thing as fatigue. Aided by Chipp and Melville, whose superiors the navy cannot show, with their untiring energy, splendid judgment, and fertility of device. I am confident of being able to do all that man can do to carry on the expedition to a safe termination. Much hard work falls upon two men. Nindemann and Sweetman. These two have to take turns about in standing in the water in the fore peak, building the bulkhead across it." Soon after an operation was essayed on Danenhower's eye. "It was beautifully performed by Dr. Ambler, and borne with heroic endurance by the patient." Jan. 25 affairs looked very grave-" a disabled and leaking ship, a seriously sick officer, and an uneasy and terrible pack;" but the next day there was thanksgiving over the reappearance of the sun. "The pleasing poyalty of social genuine sun shadows for the first time in seventy-one days was thoroughly refreshing Although the glare was trying to the eyes.

making me blink like an owl at first, I could not get enough of the pleasant sight." After many days' labor of Nindemann and Sweetman in stuffing ashes and other substances into the spaces between frames, the leaking of the vessel was checked. The Sewell and Baxter pumps and the steam cutter engine, under Melville's skilful devices did good work in lessening the water in the hold Through February and March a great part of the records is simply that of pumping, with its alternate mishaus and triumphs. Whenever the machines gave out the men had to take their places. The two natives. Alexey and Aneguin throve well through this hard winter. are as fat as partridges. They are naturally and intuitively the most polite men I have met outside of cultivated society." By the 2d of March Danenhower had endured seven operations on his eye: "He bears his confinemen and the pain of the operations heroically." In the pumping records the chief gain was the reduction of the coal used for the purpose from nearly five tons in a week to less than one. "thanks to Melville's skill and devotion to duty." Presently bears gave a variety of food to the men, and a wairus, weighing over a ton.

to the much suffering dogs. Through the spring and summer of 1880 the chief question was that of diminishing the expenditure of coal. Fortunately, little had been sed for the stoves. The fire in the ward rooms had only been lighted once a week to heat water for bathing. "All winter the officers had been steaming at temperatures at and below 32", and are none the worse for it, seemingly preserring t." When De Long moved his bureau from his room for spring cleaning he found a solid mass of ice between its back and the bulwark Over sixty pounds of ice were removed. took out one slab which weighed about twentyfive pounds." All hands except Danenhower had been in perfect health, save for an occasional day or two, "I think it would be difficult to mention a more healthy crew than we are, after our winter of damp, cold, anxiety, and danger."

On May day the sun was visible at midnight. "A bright sun, absolutely cloudless sky, and a temperature during the afternoon of from 27.5" o 29.8°, made up together a romantic Arctic day, needing only navigable water to make it perfection. Such a thing as remaining on board ship was out of the question. Everybody except Danenhower was out on the ice. Doors were thrown open fires were let die out and all hands gave themselves up to basking in the beauty without. "It may be hard to believe, but really some of us were sunburned to a brilliant The dogs netually panted with the heat. and were disagreeably warm to the touch. To make the day still more eventful, the sau. which had riven at 0.55', remained with his upper limb above the horizon at midnight, as if loath to quit so pleasant a scene." Four days later the slow drift of the vessel had brought her west of the 180th meridian, but De Long did not immediately change the date, as she might have drifted cast again.

The aummer passed with little to vary its monotony except an occasional hunt for bears. seals, and birds. Even a dog fight was a treat the more enjoyed as it was not a cruel sight. Fortunately, the wool is so long and thick that an attacking dog gets his mouth full of hair before his front teeth reach the flesh; so no great damage is done generally." Soundings and meteorological observations were steadily taken, and Newcomb gave constant at tention to natural history. The drift for the month of May was a hundred miles. By the middle of June life had become almost unendurable in its "unchanging round of hours." All the books had been read, all the stories related, and even chess, cards, and checkers long | 12th of September the three boats left Semen-

ence was partly varied with ditching in the ice and routine work. The end of June found the ship retrograding so that it was further south than at the end of May. The Fourth of July was grimly celebrated by dressing ship with ensigns at most heads and signals in a rainbow

Through the autumn the growing depression becomes manifest in the gloomy rec ords of the journal, which show how deeply the failure to free the ship during the summer affected the officers and crew. The 1st of September, however, brought a startling sensation, for then the ship suddenly righted and moved astern about two feet. But the gain was brief, and she was quickly frozen in again. Still, the comfort of being on an even no longer threatened to spill their contents. What a constant irritation must have been that of living a twelvementh on an inclined plane! The first year in the ice ended on the 5th of September 1880, with the Jeannette only 150 miles to the northward and westward of where she entered it. "My pleasant hope to add something to the history of Arctic discovery and exploration has been as ruthlessly shattered and as thoroughly killed as my greatest enemy could desire. I frequently think that, instead of recording the idie words that express our progress from day to day, I might better keep these pages unwritten, leaving a blank properly to represent the utter blank of this Arctic expedition." The greater infrequency are the best testimony to the lack of memorable incident. The long winter night set in again on the 6th of November, and the journal gloomily says that "it is tille to speak longer of the going and coming of weeks-it is record enough when I mention the coming and going of months." The leading variation in the pielancholy story is an occasional record of the spiondid Aretic scenery, to which De Long was always alive. Christmas and New Year's were celebrated much like the year before. Spring of 1881 brought one memorable change

in the discovery, on the 16th of May, of a small island-"the first land that has greeted our eyes since March 24, 1880, nearly fourteen months ago. And our voyage, thank God, is not a perfect blank, for here we have discovered something, however small it may be. Cooped up as we have been for over twenty months, we shall enjoy getting our feet on solid earth or stone, as much as if it were Central Park, for it will be a change. This island is to us our all in all. We gaze at it, we criticise it, we guess at its distance, we wish for a favoring gale to drive us toward it. Fourteen months without anything to look at but ice and sky, and twenty months drifting in the pack, will make a little mass of volcanic rock like our island as pleasing to the eye as an casis in the desert." It is a pitlable comment on Arctic exploration that ascertaining the existence of a speck of land more or less was welcomed so gladly. In a few days another island was seen, and to the former was given the name Jeannette, while the latter was called Henrietta. Melville, with a sledge party, consisting of Dunbar Nindemann Erickson Bartlett and Sharvell landed on Henrietta Island by heroiexertions, and brought back some moss, grass and a handful of rock as trophics. island, the ice was all alive, and Melville left his boat and supplies, and, carrying only a day's provisions and his instruments, at the risk of his life, went through the terrible mass. actually dragging the dogs, which for fear refused to follow their human leaders. If this persistence in landing upon this island, in spite of the superhuman difficulties be encountered. is not reckoned a brave and meritorious action. it will not be from any failure on my part to make it known."

The sick had now for many weaks increased in numbers, symptoms of lead poisoning from the canned tomatoes being observed. In June it became evident that the ice was breaking up. and on the 10th it suddenly opened alongside so that the ship once more righted. She was then seized as in a vise, and it became eviden that she was to perish. All things being made ready and the provisions taken out for a retreat to the Siberian coast the Jounnatte on the 13th, in latitude N. 77° 15' and longitude E. 155°, slowly sank and disappeared. There is no evidence in De Long's journal that anybody bemoaned her fate or felt a sense of being left in greater peril. "Everybody was bright and cheerful, with pienty to eat and plenty of clothes. Even music is not forgotten. Lauterbach serenaded us to-night with a mouth harmenica. Chipp better. Danenhower lively. Alexey 'plenty good.' Divine service at 9% P.M."

were three boats and five sleds, loaded with sixty arms, and ammunition. The twenty-three dogs the start, were on the sick list. The first day's specimen of what was in store-"such terrific roads, such soft and deep snow, and such ugly ther A sheparate ice openings." The heavy sied loads were so exnausting that they soon had to be lightened, for "twenty-eight men and twentythree dogs, laying back with all their strangth could only start our 1 000-pound sied a few feet each time; and when sliding | well as these for whom buildings are erected, will find it down hill it would plunge into a snow bank it exceedings, meful organd A Co. was terrible work getting it out. Though the temperature was between 20° and 25°, we were in our shirt sleeves, and perspiring us on a hot summer day. I see very clearly that we must run with lighter loads, and go over the same ground oftener. I hoped to be able to advance our boats and provisions in three separate hauls, but I must be satisfied if we now do it in six." The travelling was done at night, and the sleeping by day. When rain set the misery was complete. When one day the distance of 1 | miles was made it was welcomed as "the first really good day's work." Yet the rule was to " haul nine hours, sleep or rest ten." and occupy the other five in meals and camp duties. One record of this epoch is singular: "I find this morning my hands were so badly sunburned before our halt as to be nowswollen and painful;" another notes that it has been blistering hot since midnight, though the thermometer marked only 23° in the sun." Still another record is that "everybody is complaining of the heat-at nine the temperature was 30° in the shade. It seems curious enough to see men sacking a shady spot in which to sit and smoke while the temperature is so low." Soon the appaling fact became clear to De

the direction desired: "To work like horses all day for ten or eleven hours and to make only a mile is rather discouraging; and the knowledge that we are very likely going three miles northwest to every inile we make southwest keeps me anxious. Melville and the Doctor are the only ones to whom I have communicated our latitude." De Long stated the matter mildly. His course for a long time was very far away from the true one. The pittiess rains wet the men in their sigmbers, and sometimes they were soused by slipping into open leads. An occasional boar, seal, or walrus furnished extra tood for men and dogs. On the 29th of July, after prodigious exertions. De Long got his boats and sleds upon the steep shore of a large island, which had been in view for eighteen days, and named it Bonnett Island the landing place being called Cape Emms. The face of the cliff was alive with thousands of dovertes, and from these birds, with the help of sweet and Irosh water running down the mountain side. deticious meals were made. Here the party remained from the 29th of July until the 6th of August, when a new start was made by combined dragging and beating. De Long had charge of the first Chipp, of the second : and Melville, with Danenhower to aid him, of the whaleboat. Progress was now rapid. As the sleds were no longer needed, they were cut up, and the dogs, one after another, killed. At the end of August, the New Siberian Islands were reached. There more birds were found, and the course taken was that of skirting along the islands. On the

Long that the drift was carrying him from

rated in a gale. The second cutter, containing Chipp and Dunbar with Sweetman and seven other men, has never since been heard of. doubtless perished in the storm. The whaleboat, under Melville, effected a landing on the east side of the Lena Delta. As for De Long, after a hard struggle, he reached the easterly part of the Delta on the evening of the 17th. From that time to the end of October, when the last of the first cutter's party perished from starvation, the entries in the journal are usually brief, and have already become familiar through their publication when Melville found the deal bodies and the record of their last sufferings. It may be pointed out, however, that De Long

cooked horselatic and with reason, at the out set, on the prospects of reaching a settlement The honemore of a few of the party it is true made progress very stow but there were also good prespects of finding supplies. On the 19th of September Alexer shot a guit, on the 21st, two deer; on the 27th a fine buck; and thus from point to point there was hope of food. The final catastrophe happened after travelling out of the region to which more than a score of deer had been seen, and three killed. into one in which no food was to be had. On the 21st of September the journal records the judicious intent to at once "send on a completed good walkers, to make a forced march to get re lef." But the next day two does were sto and then it was recorded that "we are so well off for deer meat (perhaps 100 pounds clear meat) that the necessity for separating our party seems not a pressing matter " on the 25th De Long "made the unpleasant discovery that we had but eight pounds deer most and two tongues remaining. Some error in weigh ing before starting or in serving out. At all for dinner." The next day there were left only "three meals more food, and the dog, this still the unfaltering trust in God, waten I have had all along, makes me hopeful that some relief may be afforded us." In fact, the very next day a buck was shot, and " at 10% fourteen hungry men commenced eating fried deer ment, and I must admit we ate three pounds apiece before we were satisfied," Even on the 1st of October no caches a record that "we have no fear for the future." Five days later, Ericksen, whose tres had been amputated, and whose delicious grouns had for some nights kept the party awake, died. The next day the last solid food was eaten, half a pound of dog meat. But on the 9th Alexey shot three ptarmigans, and a the 14th still another-then he broke down from hunger, and died on the 17th. The last record of food is this: "Oct, 15-Breakfast, willow to a and two old boots." The two walkers Sindemann and Noros, who, it will be remembered, did reach help were not sent forward totale. 9, and their only food was two ounces of alexhol. It seems incredible that De Long coutinued to make entries in his journal up to Sunday, Oct. 30, though for the last ten days the records consisted chiefly of the deaths, one by one. Kanek and Lee died Oct. 21: Iverse n. Oct. 28: Dressier, the 29th; and this is the last "Sunday, Oct. 80, 140th day, Boyd and Goertz died during night. Mr. Collins dving. It is written, as the facsimile shows, in a firm, clear, and beautiful hand.

To complete the sad story, a brief but sufficient account is given of the adventures of Nindemann and Noros, and of the search par ties which found De Long. One can restort the spirit with which the closing words of the volumes are written: "Sacrifice is nobler than ease, unselfish life is consummated in ionaly death, and the world is richer by the gift of suffering:" but the journals of De Long tell too clearly to the reader that sacrifice and the wife of suffering on the part of men so poble as these, were but poorly employed in such a quest. "Do these discoveries." said one surcompensate for the losses and the sufvivor. fering incurred in the expedition? To this question I answer unbesitatingly, Not

## Book Notes.

A very interesting illustrated volume, upon Newfound-and is published by Mr. Joseph Hatton and the nev. Mr. Harvey. It contains all the information that can be destred respecting the history population industry and interests of the island. Doyle A Whittie.

A charming volume for stalders is "Worthington's

Manual." The contents are entertaining, and the pin tures most varied.

King's "Handbook of Boston abounds in useful

knowledge and conversent interrations.

T. B. Peterson A Bros. publish "Two Kinger" an inter-

esting London novel to Hawtey Smart.

A Directory of Outen City, and Weser chanty, Utah, is published by the codes recent. The editors are been the felt and Frank Causes. It is full of asofat information The Measrs Scribner, publish the "Merry Adventures of Robin Bood, by Boward Pyle, a ciever artist of On the 18th of June the retreat began. There | Delaware in an elegant smart quarter it is an original tertainment. It must process popular holiday book.

dragged three sleds, and the men the other two and the beats. Lieut. Chipp. Master Danenhower, and Alexey, Tong Sing, and Kuchne, at sanskrit by Edwin Arneld, appears in B. Senskrit and B. S Mr. H. W. Counch is the netternal "Cour Beaum Chine. journey over the piled up hummocks was a a story of two years. Americans weeked in the Chinese An allegetice back with absorbant illustrations

Let A Shepard:

The Same publisheds issue the "Bear Worshippers of Seco" or Edward Sirvey, and elever it is. The illustra-

tions are in the Japanese style.

Mr. T. S. Cark of Boston publishes a most useful book. on Building Supermendence. It is perhaps more val-uable to laymen than to architects; but althoughers, as

### Pather Curet's New Book. Rome, Sept. 12 Pather Carel's new book is

in print as the tence of even thousand copies will be printed. It was be translated in English French, and or own the engine than the Name allama contains light chapters and see pages in action. The title definitely adopted to the Vationno Regio tarlo supersulta deligations a satisfied of the Royal Valuan a fur-viving bonds and of the Calibria Church . The author having shown the origin of what he calls

the Royal Vations and he good effect on the world shows why and when it became me ganwing worm in the Church. He says that her flour vations and modern civilization are fighting each other. He endmerates the Christian elements which in its vendual decel supermodern civilization embraces, and speaks of the trus-orizin and benevolent character of public power He says that people untet like the perion of the ruler and share with them the tiovernment. Its speaks of the equality of all before the income of the course quantification of consistency of space is part of correct the enunciates the principle of nationality and minutes to the necessity of a less imignatous discounts at preparety. He asks whether a total ne parter restriction of the Keyal Vatican, as in the old times, cound be cother possible or convenient. He shows that a dentice con- is the cause of an affirmative answer. He analyses in ruthous effects of such an affirmation and cast by showing what ought to be the behavior of the year ciergy and of the believing lasty in these present

Such is the book which before the end of November. will appear. The other two pamphlets had been read and approved by some eminent men in the clarge. The celebrated Dominicau father, Thomas Corsetto of the Convent of Saint Mark in Florence and by the vica-ticheral of the sains diocess, Monsigher Americas Barel both deceased. The second pamphist the Vecchi Zeinuti," had been revised by Monsignors Au disio and salzano. This will appear without any provious revision, and just as written.

### "Old Pap's" New Exedus. From the Messouri Republican.

A wholesale explus of negrous to the island of it control respic who don't like the suprement of decision on the train lights bull.

The triand is like inties its length and about he is treath. Two thrinds of the cinnid secretarily with the light state of such and secretarily and the sense and it is capable of such and as sens frequent the property of the property of the such and offers make advantages to the industryons in an offers make advantages to the industryons in a control of the industryons in the control of the industryons in the control of the industryons in the control of the industry of the Kansas excellent him to be in the control of the industry of the indust

### derry's Fair Priends. From the Louisville Courses Journal

A quiet citizen was astonished the other night

A quiet chilizen was astonished the other night at a sight on fourth avenue. A group of periodic were similar on the sidewais, when a manusche about were similar on the sidewais, when a manusche about the grie all sang out, and then they rate in about the grie all sang out, and then they rate in district and the quiet estimated as a consideration of the quiet estimated against a fine of a sanger and the quiet estimated again to think of Trianner and horizontal and wandering if he had not got amount the fairner file in his as lowling been sufficient to fineful of was a fearly leed away the circ acytic out after him, should be derived the circumstance of the c